command from the corporal of marines, s swirl of mea, and the Commandant was gone. He left behind him a flippant burst of laughter and Harold leaning against the postern to hear the last peal of irony.

CHAPTER II. When the Commodore reached the veranda of the hotel, he stood a moment looking over the ill-kept glacis and forlorn barracks. There was not an emblem of authority anywhere. But he was thinking

of his boy, whom he had not seen for three years. Somehow his heart turned to that boy out of all this chaos of popular incertitude with a tender impulse. At the moment when no one appeared to know what his duty was or to what he owed allegiance; when the old love for the authority of the Republic seemed to be swallowed up in confusion, he yearned to put his arms about the one being that he had himself consecrated to the service of his country, and reared from a child with but one clear idea of his duty. He felt that there would be no hesitating, hair-splitting loyalty in that boy's heart, for he had watered it with his tears and set its example in his own

He dashed his hand across his eyes, and atraightened himself, as if ashamed of his affection, put on a grim look and disap-peared in the hotel.

Lieutenant Harold lingered a few mo-

ments on the parapet, and then leaving the group listening to a burst of Southern fireworks from the Colonel, he came slowly down the steps and had just turned upon the pebbly road that runs to the wharf, when he came face to face with Lieutenant Franklin Breeze, carrying a traveling bag.
"Great Scott!" was his immediate ex-

clamation, "have you seen the Commo-'No, not yet; just this moment arrived.

What's the situation? "Don't you know. It's maddening.

"I heard just enough in New York to make me anxious. I'm atraid the governor's in "Sure," replied the other. "And the devil of it is there's no way to help him. "Well, that's what I came here for. How much is the Government property worth?"
"There's 500,000 weight of metal there on the sand; they are 10 and 15 inch colum-

"I heard," said Lieutenant Breeze, "that the Roanoke was lying at Hilton's waiting for a commander."
"Yes, I heard it this morning. We get our Government news here through a

"The understanding in army circles in New York was that the Secretary would move this property South." "Exactly, and your father will obey his

superior officer. Who's the woman? asked Breeze "Her name is Preston. She's from South

"What, Georgiana! She here?" "Yes, she's got a wire into the Depart ment; you can't make a move here without her knowing it. Look here, Frank, it's a. regular conspiracy, and the people of

"Where is the Preston now?"
"She's up there on the promenade, cutting up the service with her sharp tongue. Did you hear the news from Pittsburg? All the stuff at the Allegheny Arsenal has been

North are such idiots they can't see it.'

ordered South. 'Do you say," asked Lieutenant Breeze, "that this Preston has retained her influence at 'seadquarters?"
"I say," replied Harold, "that her being ordered here is part of the same infernal

plot that ordered your father here. Where are you going?" "I'm going up to see her; I'm an old flame

"Good luck to you. Come over to the hotel when you have tasted her vitriol. Your father's there." While this conversation was going on, the group on the parapet broke up.
"Colonel," said the Preston, "I'm going to the beach. I prefer the roll of the breaker

to the roll of the drum." The beach by all means," cried Oakland. "the noise of the surf is a protection."
"A what?" asked her ladyship, with genuine interest.

"A protection," he repeated. "We country." shan't be able to hear each other talk-There was a general gathering of skirts and overturning of camp stools, and Miss Flutterlip prepared to gather in her cadet, who were hanging halfway over the ram-

Oakland, who stood near her, offered his assistance and took a preliminary look over to see how great the fall was, in case the boy got the best of him. The moment his iell on the white pebbles, he exclaimed:

Why there's Lieutenant Breeze, A moment later, when he offered his arm t the Preston, that capricious creature sat down "On the whole," said she, "I think I'il stay here, I prefer the roll of the drum. I'm tired of human society.

it inhuman she remains by herself. Presently the promenade was deserted by

all but this one dainty remnant and Flick, who held her closed parasol like a banjo, and was picking an imaginary jig on the handle as he kept time with the tip of his patent leather shoe. The lady composed herself in what might

be called an attitude of unconscious grace just in time for the Lieutenant, who came up the steps with a brisk jump, and still

dust on his cont. There was something in the Norman blue and gold of his tempera-ment that betrayed the father's energy of mother, long since buried on a foreign shore. could wonder at the father's admiration o

"Ah." he cried, "Miss Preston, Georgians, I just this moment heard that you were re, and turned aside on the jump to pay my respects to you. I haven't seen father yet; in fact, I've only been here half

She gave him her hand cordially, and there might have been discerned by an expert, a glauce of quick admiration in her black eyes, as she took him summarily in. "Not reported to your father yet," she

"No, I reported to you first; I understand that you are Commandant here, But, I say, things have changed, since we ate oranges and flirted down there at Moultrie. haven't they? Do you know, we ought to be

"That's like a man; he thinks that a woman's neart changes as often and easily as a form of government." "I used to, that was when I was a stu

dent of yours; but I've got to be the steadiest fellow in the world, don't ask me to flirt again. Jupiter how stunning you "Alas," she said with a musical laugh,

"I see what a bitter change has come over He picked up her hand. It was one of those dainty, puissant hands that have nes-

tled in the fists of champions and emperors and turned Empires upside down with nothing but dimples. That's my ring. Why didn't you give

it to a new lover?" "Don't know," she answered, languidly, unless it was because a woman always gives away the best she's got. What rought you here?"

"Run on to see the governor. The old boy's been almost retired down here-thought I'd try and cheer him up a bit. The family's under a cloud; why, I've been waiting for a command for six months; been virtually retired myself, and all on account of the governor's cranky northern notions. You know what a martinet he is. By jove, Georgiana, you could belp me, one word from you would fix up my status."

"What a boy you are," she said softly somewhat as if to be a boy might be a disgrace to the intellect, but an honor to the heart. "Don't you know that a woman never does a favor for a man whose heart she has logt?"
"Rubbia, you could get me sent to a for-

eign station, and, by jove, I'd take you with "What a pirate it is. Heavens, Lieutenant, move away a little."

"Fancy the Mediterranean. Why, Moultie and the moonlight nights at Savanuah would pass under an eclipse, and then we'd escape all this political hubbub and interpang in that last hour it will be caused by

necine rumpus."
"Let us be frank," said the Preston, trying at the same time to be fascinating, you know the situation here?" "Only vaguely. I'm alraid the governor has got himself in a box, and I suppose you will lend a hand to coop him up, but you can square yourself with your conscience by helpine me."

"I suppose you mean helping you to a war vessel so that you can turn its guns on my own people, ch?"
"Well, I wouldn't be as apt to as some of the fellows who stand on the governor's side in this broil. Tell me, for you probably know, is the Roanoke at Hiltons?"

"Yes, and waiting orders; there was a hitch about the command."
"So I heard. Why can't we get the Roanoke, some kind of special service, don't you know, like Lieutenant Lynch's picnic to the Dead Sea to discover Lot's wife."

The Preston's little diplomatic head was could get the ship for the son of Commander Breeze, she was sure of that, it she could guarantee his sentiments. Would it not be a good thing to get rid of him so that the Secretary's conspiracy could be carried out, with only an old martinet to deal with? Then, too, there was a little touch of senti ment in her judgment. After all would not a long flirtation in the tropics be pref-erable to a long and hollow life of duplicity

here?
"What are you thinking about?" asked the Lieutenant.
"I was thinking," she replied, "what : fatal thing it is to use an old saw, and I was

just about to use one to cut this problem all is fair in love and war; it is somewhat stale, but I think these times have freshened "I accept it, especially the love clause

Your sentiment ought to be stronger than your polities; it generally is in a woman. Get me the ship for the sake of old times, and then let me renew them. Shall I send your nigger for a blank dispatch?" "No," she said, with a significant smile

'there's too much dispatch already. I haven't seen you for so long I've got to make your acquaintance all over again. O. I don't want you to coax, I want you to convince.

"How shall I do it?" he exclaimed. springing up.
"By sitting down," she said, "and not unning away. Your father is coming,

"Heavens," gasped the Lieutenant, as a pang shot through him, "not here." "Why not? He is probably looking for "Remember I have not seen him in three

"So much the better. I want to enjoy hewaceting." The first and almost ungovernable pulse of the young man was to fly, but the significant scrutiny of the black eyes that were watching him determined his painful

He stood still like a statue, but in his heart was a whirl of emotions. He saw the white hairs of his father as he came labor ously up the steps, and he felt the warm strong arms of the veteran wound round him, but he was thinking of the black eyer

that were watching him.
"Frank, my boy," exclaimed his father,
as he stood off to admire him, "I've been looking for you. I expected you to come straight to me," and he regarded him with pardonable pride. "There's an officer who's been trained to know his duty. He's had an example of hard-earned honor, and I'm roud to know he'll not disgrace it. You dog, why didn't you report to me?"
"I was on my way," said the Lientenant,
"when I met this ludy, who is an old ac-

While he was saying this with his lips his heart was saying, "God bless his white

"Old acquaintance? Have you got any older acquaintance than I am? Don't you know I haven't seen you for three years? "It I had thought that I could have been

of much service to you-''
"O, none of your infernal modesty, I never needed you so much, nor did your

al. I've been begging for a command six months from the Government, presently there will be no government to appeal to and upon my word if I had been appointed to this post, I would have resigned."
"What? Resign? What are you talking

about? Do you know what you are saving? Resign? Resign from doing my duty?' "Yes father, not because there is danger in doing it, but because there is no honor

'No honor in doing my duty? Have lived to hear my boy say this?" "Pray do not mistake me, father, cer-tainly one's duty is not as plain in this crisis as at ordinary times."

He saw that his father was looking at

And Miss Flutterlip was heard to mutter as she swept down—"Yes, when she wants although he did not dare to return the honest stare. He felt, too, that the black eves were watching every expression of his face, and he brought every nerve to the task before him.
"I beg of you," he said, "not to discuss

these painful topics here. At a proper time and place "Painful topics," repeated the old man,

with pitiable astonishment. "Are you not an officer of the United States?" "I hesitate to say that I am of the United Currying his traveling satchel in his hand. States. I am bound to tell you that my Very handsome he looked, in spite of the training, my loyalty, my love of country never taught me to turn my hand against

my own people." One swift glance as he said this, caught purpose in spite of his mother's grace and all the minutize of suffering on the noble comeliness. No one who had ever seen that old face that he loved, he saw the look of yearning in the watery eyes in spite of the indignation under them, and he grit his teeth and felt a sudden hatred for the woman who was watching him, that he

> He heard his father's words, tremulous with emotion, but they had no other meaning to him than that of the suffering with which they were freighted.

> would have been ashamed of at another

"My God, sir, you talk as if you had no country and no father. I expected you to come here to my assistance. It is the one time in my life when I depended on your lovalty, your sense of duty and your affection, and you talk to me about resigning. Frank, my boy, have you turned traitor to your country? No, no, I will not believe it. Has all my training come to nothing, when it is most needed? Why don't you speak out, don't you see you are breaking

my heart?" "The fact is, father, you take this matter too acutely. My affection is not abated one ten-thousandth part of a conceivable supposition, but in this national matter I have no heart."

"No heart? There's some American blood left in you, isn't there?" He waited a moment, and there was a silent gap that was terrible to the young man. In that in-terval the flag, which had been attached to new halyards, unfolded itself in a sudden breeze, and spread its full surface of color. Nothing was heard but the soft flap of the bunting over their heads.

"Do you stand there mute?" resumed the ore, with more of parental than martial authority in his tone, "while my scarred face is blanching with shame; are you silent, when your father and your country appeal to you? My God, Frank, my boy, my father carried the flag with Bainbridge, and died under it; I have served under its folds round the world; it was wet with my blood at Vera Cruz, and it waved in triumph over my deck when you were born; never have I seen it abandoned or dishonored by one of our family, and when you were struck down by pirate bullets in the Chinese seas and I carried you in these arms and prayed heaven to spare you to me-had I known then that you would live to bring these gray hairs, whitened in the service of our common country, to the grave, I would have prayed to heaven to

let you die."

"Father, 'ather," gasped the young man,
"you do not know what you are saying; in
the name of heaven, stop."

"Licutenant Breeze, look at me. I am an old man, but I am here to represent the Government. I have hoisted the flag and I

shall do my duty to the best of my ability.

recreant son." And turning upon his heel, the old officer left them without another word.

It was with something like bitterness that the Lieutenant spoke to the Preston. "Will you get me the ship?" he asked

eagerly.

"Your father is severe."
"Will you get me the ship?"
"Calm yourself. You speak as if I had the assigning power. My influence ends with a recommendation. To get command of the Roanoke you will have to start for Willett's to-day. If you are to have it the order will be there before you. You understand you will probably be sent as far from

the States as possible. Enough. "You understand, also, that whatever influence I can bring to bear will be used to Half an hour later, and just as he was getting ready for the train, Lieutenant Harold put a cipher dispatch from New York into

his hand. "At all hazards keep everything in statu quo for 48 hours; the order has been given to remove the guns. Prevent for that time developments at any moment in Secretary'

The Lieutenant knew perfectly well that the property could not be removed in a week unless a regiment was sent to effect it. What he was most afraid of was that his father rould put him under arrest, and he did no breathe easily until he felt himself moving oward Willett's, and heard the rattle of the train with impatient ears.

CHAPTER III. Fort Gates was not a fort, even in the official sense. At the best it was a naval station and school. Just now it was the

most forlorn and anomalous of military denots. There was a million dollars' worth of metal there under the tumble down sheds and on the sands. The great 12 and 15 inch smooth bore guns had been lying on their black bellies, each with a trunnion in the air, like so many turtles out of season all through the piping times of peace, and little girls in leghorn hats summer after summer had come and climbed over them with gleeful wonder and shouted boo in their cavernous throats, and then gone away, north and south, as girls will, to get ready for long dresses and to help on the differences of opinion that would, sooner or later, set these iron monsters all roaring

with red hot throats.

The Commandant sat in his small headquarters, as he was pleased to call his little room on the ground floor of the hotel, a fine picture of helpless authority. He had waited all the afternoon and for a great part of a sleepless night for Frank to come back, penitent and contrite. He had clung to that conviction till it faded into a hope and then into a fear, and now in the early morning Lieutenant Harold had come instead, to say that Lieutenant Breeze had

disappeared. Gone. "Gone," said the old man, with a hollow voice that had an awful suggestion of deso-lation in it, and meant in its intonation, "Gone out of my life forever." Then suddenly and somewhat bitterly: Where is that woman?' "Do you mean Miss Preston, sir?"

"Yes, did my calling her a woman raise a doubt in your mind?"
"She's at her headquarters."
"Thunder and lightning, sir, what do you mean by headquarters? Has the service come to this, that a commanding officer's

station should be confused with the boudois of an adventuress?"
"I beg your pardon," said the Lieutenant.
"It is the slang of the place." "What's the reason that fing is not flying?"

The Lieutenant hesitated. There was ven a slight flush of shame on his cheek. "Well, sir?" Well, sir?" "I have to report that it was stolen last night, sir. Stolen! Incredible! Was there no de-

tail at the works ?"
"Yes, sir; Sergeant Sanford -"Put the guard under arrest. The American flag stolen. I never heard of such a thing. This is a fine state of discipline, sir ! shall look to you to recover it. The veteran sat at a little table, which was evidently straining itself, like its owner, to keep up an appearance of official regularity, for there was a meager display of blanks. bell, which nobody answered, and some dusty packets of documents tied with red

tape, and formally arranged in a line.

He undertook to write an order, but the ink was thick and the pen was rusty. Everything offended him, and the Lieutenant walked to the window to spare the old man's feelings.

Presently the Commandant called to him with a softened tone:

"Lieutenant." "Yes, sir." "See here. There's some kind of a conspiracy here to thwart and defy the military authority of the place and the Govern-

the Lieutenant with alacrity, "some have long suffered under it. "It must be stopped."

"Yes, sir," promptly replied the Lieutenant, anxious to hear how, seeing that the Government had a hand in it.
"The property must be protected," continued the Commodore with fine determina-

tion, as he glanced through the window at the bare flag staff. "I understood this morning," said the Lieutenant, "that the property was to be removed. "It has been removed, it must be re

placed."
"You refer to the flag," with something like a tone of pity in his voice. "Certainly, I do." "I refer to the guns."

"What on earth are you talking about, no guns can be removed without my "True, sir, we might say the same of the flag, but it is removed. I beg your pardon,

but I heard this morning that the Secretary had ordered a contractor at Willetts to tak them to Ship Island, near Balize." The commandant smiled grimly. should suppose," he said, "that an officer of your intelligence would know that an order of that kind must come through the commandant of the post,"

"Yes, sir; in the ordinary course of official action, but in the present state of affairs—
"What on earth have I got to do with
the present state of affairs?" interrupted
the Commodore. "Where did you get this precious piece of information ?' "I came through Miss Preston, and I am bound to tell you that it looks official. She is in constant communication with the

Secretary." It was with mingled indignation, redulity and contempt that the old officer said as he got up from the table : "O, she is, is she? She wants to abolish the service, probably. We'll see about it. Confound it, I'll put her in the guard

house. Come with me, sir." He strode up and down the room once or twice in active indignation. His cocked hat was on the dressing table, and sword that he had worn with dignity and sword that he had worn was lying beside it. hat was on the dressing table, and the dress honor before emperors was lying beside it. He stopped once as if he had an inclination to put them on, then, as if changing his mind, he seized his round undress cap, and started for the Preston's quarters, followed

by Lieutenant Harold. Before they reached the place a telegram was placed in his hands. It came from one of the most eminent and patriotic of men who afterward went into history through the Lincoln administration. It was dated at New York, and read as follows:

"The American people will hold you responsible for the theft of its property; the infamous robbery at Allegheny City must not be repeated." This had one effect, at least, upon the old officer; it made him realize that the eyes of the millions of the North were upon him. The Preston's reception room was really something like a headquarters. She sat at

s round center table that was covered with

papers and dispatches. She were a dainty

morning gown of sea green hue, and her wavy black hair that was cunningly dressed across her temples, rounded up her

handsome face charmingly. She lay in-dolently back in her cushioned chair at the table, and held the pen she had been using as if it were a little level, on the tips of her narrow fingers, in a straight line before her eyes. By her side, evidently acting as sec-retary, was Colonel King, bursting into ruffles and rolling in unstarched shirt collar. collar.

The lady did not get up as the two officers, after some little annoying delay, came brusquely in. There was a composed smile on her face, and much suavity in her voice as she said:
"Ah, Commodore, you must really pardon

my having to receive you what is virtually an office, but the accommodations are so poor here that we ladies have to forego most of the elegant regulations of society when morning calls are made."
"Madam," replied the Commodore, "society had nothing to do with my visit. I came to tell you at first hand, and without the possibility of misapprehension, that this is a military post and that I intend to carry out the discipline and enforce the regula-tion of the department, if I have to put some of the women in the guard house and break into the regulations of society." "A very proper determination, Commodore, I am sure. Why did you come to me with it?"

"Because, madam, you are interfering with the discipline. I understand that you have put yourself in communication with some of the underlings at Washington and are meddling in the public business to my

disparagement.' "You are wrong, and I am glad of the opportunity to correct you. I am in com-munication with the Secretary of War only, and only as an intelligent American onlooker. You will allow that I can try to keep posted on events without attempting to create them. I try to get all the news that I can, and if I outstrip this department I trust you will not put me under arrest for it in our day. It pains me to say that you are a little behind evens yourself, and were you to arrest me you would be deprived of a valuable source of information at this time; Colonel, where is that dispatch?"

The Colonel found a telegram, and handed it to her. She passed it to Lieutenan Harold, who read it:

"WILLETTS, December 29. "Lighters, with cranes and derrecks and a detail of 200 men have been provided here for the removal of the guns at Hampden. They will probably be towed up to-day."
"Rubbish," exclaimed the Commodore "Not a gun shall be removed from this place, unless I give the order. Even the

place, unless I give the order. Even the Secretary will have to follow the precedent and usages of the service."
"In that case," remarked the Preston, "you are in collision with your superior officer. But as a mere matter of curiosity, I should like to know how you are going to prevent the removal."

"I do not intend to discuss the means with you," said the Commodore, "but you may rest assured that I will not sit idly by and see the property of the government stoler "Certainly not; will it annoy you if I look on?"

But this remark was of little avail, for the Commodore had marched out withou his usual courtesy. The moment they were gone there was slightly malignant smile broke out on the face of the Preston: "Arrest me will he, I fancy he'll have enough to do to take care of himself. How do you like that, Colonel, 'stealing the government property?'''
"A piece of undiluted, mush-eating, Mas-

sachusetts mendacity," said the Colonel.

In a place like Hampden acts of all kinds diffuse themselves through the atmosphere. The air is always heavy with the trifles that are going on. In a very few hours Lieutenant Harold noticed that the entire community knew the state of affairs. There community knew the state of affairs. There was an extra effrontery on the part of the enemies of the Government, and a tacit understanding among the loyal men that the Commodore was helpless, and that the Preston had everything her own way. Gossip had it that Lieutenant Breeze was in league with her, and was an old lover. These stories came distorted to the ears of the Commodore, and he shut himself in his room, where after several futile consulta-tations with his subalterns, and vainly trying to get an answer to his teleprams from Washington, he sunk into a pitiable condi-tion of irrascibility and complained of a pain in the back of the bead "I believe," Harold said to Oakland, "the old man's heart is broken."

\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* There was a great deal of excitement in Hampden on the 30th of December. Mary-land was hanging on the edge of secession, and the little town was full of strangers. Oakland had the opportunity of meeting several distinguished Maryland politicians, but he could not for the life of him make out what their intense importance and im-patience portended, and Lieutenant Harold

was grimly taciturn. At the rooms of the Preston two of these dignitaries held behind closed doors a con-sultation with the lady. One of them, a rather important and portly personage, said to her with emphatic manner, as he kept

time to his short sentence with a fat, red fist on her heavily littered table: "Matters move too slowly. What is done at once counts. Every day doubles the danger. What are they thinking about at Willetts? They got their orders a week

'You forget," said Miss Preston, "that the undertaking is a much larger one than you have been accustomed to handle. To do it quickly requires, I am told, men and appliances, and it was necessary to send to Saltimore for the men. What do you

"Nothing definite, but a great deal vaguely. The national tension is dreadful. Any overt act on either side will precipitate matters."

"In that case," said the Preston, laughing, "we shall rise from conspirators to revolutionists. That will be a decided gain. So far as my information goes, everything is as certain as death and as quiet. The expedition starts to-day, and ought to be here to-night."

The rest of the day passed in uneventful drowsiness. The December sun lit the untrampled and deserted sands, and showed nothing but Miss Flutterlip's yellow parasol glancing now and then on the parapet, and a solitary sentinel pacing monotonously before the old sally port, and as it went down over the Maryland hills it threw the shadows of the columbiads in regular stripes across the yellow beach.

. The Commodore sat in his room alone, with an open book turned upside down on his knees. It was an old custom of his, when he wanted to shut off worry, to get Pollock's "Course of Time" out of his trunk. But it had failed this time, for he was gazing out to sea with a helpless pathos, and thinking of Frank.

It was 9 o'clock that night when Hampden was suddenly turned upside down. The astonished townspeople heard the most un-accountable tooting of steam whistles and puffing of tugs, mingled with the distant shouts of men, and creaking of cordage and clanging of iron. When they swarmed down to the beach, the whole harbor appeared to be full of boats. A thick haze hung over the water, and the full moon, no where discernible, flooded everything with a phosphorescent light that seemed to come through ground glass. Scores of signal lights were glowing through the fog like live coals. The whole vista was alive with preparation. The expedition had arrived. In a very short time the old wharf and the sands were crowded by the navvies and sailors who were landing. There was the pop of a cork in the Preston's room and as Flick handed the glass of champagne to his mistress she reached across the table and

tipping the glass of her portly friend said:
"Down goes the last possibility of failure."
The confusion along the shore was to the quiet people of Hampden something dreadful to behold. It was as if a mob had descended on their coast but it was not the scended on their coast, but it was a mob that meant business, for presently an electric light was streaming over the sands, and out of the black shadows rose the gaunt arms of the immense shears and engines for remov-

The Youth's Companion.] ing the guns.
Lieutenant Harold reported what was go Faunie tried very hard to be polite and speak correctly. At church one day she ing on to the Commodore who, still sat looking out to sea. The veteran listened to him and then said:

"Go and order out the battalion of marines. How many muskets have you got?" met a little friend who had been sick for some time. In asking about her affliction Fannie said: "Did you enjoy much pain when you were ill."

"Not over 25, sir."
"That will do."
"It isn't much of a battalion, sir," with LESSONS OF NATURE. a smile, "and I fear will prove inadequate."
"What on earth have I to do with the adequacy, the obligation is enough for me.
Don't be alarmed, I shall take command of Rev. George Hodges Writes of the

Great Disaster at Johnstown. them myself. Order up your men. One moment. Help me buckle on that sword." Thus it was that at 10 o'clock that night, when the uproar was at its height, and all REAL INSIGNIFICANCE OF MAN. the whisky in the two groggeries down by the old dry dock had been carried off, that The Many Earthly Plans That Were Shatthe regular marching sound of a drum was heard, and there was seen coming across the tered by That Flood. open space between the fort and the bar-racks a handful of men in close order led by the Commodore. He did not hear the peal of derisive laughter that went up from the

CHARACTER THAT CANNOT PERISH

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.)

I take my text out of the "other Bible."

There is one Bible, written by man's finger,

above us; it is written in brown and green upon the earth beneath us; it is written in

the history and experience of man. God began writing it so long ago that when we

think even of guessing at the date, we lack figures to set it down. This Bible is not

finished yet. This, too, like the Bible of ink and paper, like the word of truth en-

shrined within it, will go on forever. By-and by there will be a new heaven and a new

earth, and then this great, marvelous Bible of nature will pass out of its "Old Testa-

ment" into its "New Testament," still un-finished, still teaching new and wonderful

from that latest chapter whose last verse

Johnstown.

The first lesson which I take out of this

awful and mysterious chapter is the truth of

MAN'S INSIGNIFICANCE.

I saw where the town had stood, street after street green with shade trees, beautiful with lawns, lined with comfortable houses, and great brick blocks of stores, and there was nothing there but sand. Not a tree,

not a house, not a brick, nor a shingle, nothing to mark the fact that any human being

had ever built anything more durable there than the temporary tents which the work-

men had pitched-nothing but a desolate, flat and uninhabitable waste of barren sand!

And there beyond were the houses which had stood along these streets.

Some tilted this way and some that, overturned, distorted, hurled together

in heaps, transformed into hideous piles of broken wood, hiding dreadful and tragic

secrets. Here were heavy freight cars scat-tered about in all directions, burrowing in

the sand, leaning up against the corners of

buildings, standing in impossible positions, in impossible places, as if some enormous giant had taken up in his great hand a score of cars and locomotives and scattered them about over the city as a child might

scatter a handful of pebbies over a play-town of sand. Johnstown is indescribable. It lingers like a dreadful dream in the mind

of everybody who has seen it, but nobody

A COMPARISON.

A work was done there in the valley of

men in 20 months, and at an outlay of hun-

dreds of thousands of dollars will not b

ble to undo. We are getting the mastery

yet. Here comes this great, wild wave of water, down go the barriers which our skill

had set up in defense; a whole strong city

falls before this untamed demon of the

We are not masters yet. Even upon this

I learn a second lesson-the uncertainty

which all the Johnstown people were making on the morning of that fatal Friday. The

merchants were planning their purchases

and calculating their sales: the housewives

were planning their dinners; teachers and

scholars were thinking of the coming exam-

inations; the men in the mills were looking

forward to pay day; the young men and maidens were planning their pleasures; my

riend, Mr. Diller, the rector of the little

Episcopal Church, was planning his sermon for Sunday. "In the midst of life we are in death," would have been a good text for it, had he only known what nobody knew.

'Yea, though I walk through the valley of

be set to the helpful sermon of his life, and

that the asceiption of triumphant praise

MAN PROPOSES.

People were buying and selling, marrying

and giving in marriage, making their plans for the morrow, and then, when no man ex-pected, the rain descended, and the winds blew, and the flood came.

life"-the phrase is a familiar one. It is so

familiar, it voices a truth which is so well

known, that we do not heed it. It is like

the cry which they say has been heard more than once of late years in the streets of Johnstown: "Take care; get on the high

that word came speeding down over the wire

from South Fork into Johnstown-even

when, as some say, some unknown rider

came urging his horse at a mad gallop down

come as the assertion of a truth previously undiscovered and unknown? Here it is,

written up in great letters so that all the

ground. The reservoir may break !"

"The shortness and uncertainty of human

He was making his plans for to-morrow

woods and hills.

can make it visible to another.

burrowing in

the physical insignificance of man.

under God's guidance, and inclosed between "Who commands this trespassing expeditwo covers. So far as writing is concerned The gangs that pressed upon him looked there is nothing more to do to this Bible. It on with staring and slightly contemptuous curiosity. Some of them suspended their work long enough to make course and loud is finished. The hand of its latest author has now been dust these nineteen centuries. In another sense, so far as reading, learning comments on the parade, and presently a and applying are concerned this Bible will never be finished. It will last as long as truth lasts, and that is forever and ever. But beside this is the "other Bible." God burly personage forced his way through, the perspiration on his face shining like varnish in the glare of the electric light, and wanted to know whatever was the wrote this Bible, and He is still writing it. It is written in gold and blue in the sky

group at the hotel, but kept steadily on until he had reached the first of the big

guns and was in the thickest of the crowd.

Then he shouted:

matter. "As Commandant of this post and custo dian of the Government property," said the veteran, "I warn you not to remove any of t, and to peaceably leave the Government grounds.

A course murmur, that swelled into a discordant jargon rose over the assemblage.
"Are you going to stop the Government from removing its own property?" asked the man, with a stolid sort of commiscration in his tone and face.
"Yes," replied the Commodore, "unless

the order comes through me. Send your men back to their boats." "See here, Captain," said the man, "we're sent here to take this stuff, and lessons day by day through all eternity.
This Bible God is writing now. Out of
this Bible I take my text. And I choose it we're going to take it. If you don't want your soje s thrown into the bay, you'd bet-ter march 'm out of the way."

In this short colloquy the issue was

God has not even yet set down, wherein is narrated the story of the breaking of the South Fork dam, and the wiping out of joined, and the outcome was the defiance of conscious strength.

The Commodore gave an order:
ward!" he cried, "fall back there." Anything more futile than the attempt to force a way through that mob could not be conceived. But it was Lieutenant Harold, who stood by the Commodore's side, and not the Commodore who had the faintest I stood the other day upon the great stone bridge at Johnstown, and looked out over the site of what had been a busy city. realizing sense of the absurd discrepancy in

the antagonistic elements. Colonel King and his friends extricated tnemselves as best they could and climbed upon the bank, where the barracks stood, in order to see the outcome of the collision. What they discerned in the somewhat confusing light below them was a mass of ruth-less and excited men about to be converted into a frenzied pack of wolves by the in-stinctive fear that this absurd old soldier would not hesitate to pour his bullets into them. But as yet this mass was actuated only by an impulse of defiant contempt. Some of them, as they crowded up, had their tools, crowbars or pieces of heavy timber in their hands. Those in the rear were vociferous and impatient. The Commodore attempted to move his men to a position of advantage, but the attempt was beset with humiliating difficulties. The crowd jostled him and was pressed upon him by those behind, and he was about to give the order to charge bayonets, when a heavy missile, flung over the heads of the nearest men, struck him in the temple, knocking off his cap. His white hairs fluttered in the night air as he dropped his sword and staggered. His men wavered, and their line weakened as they saw it. Quick as a flash Lieutenant Harold picked up the sword, and with one arm around the commandant and the other holding the blade aloft in the air, he shouted in a clear, ringing voice

"Steady there, close up, attention!"

There was something in the voice that stiffened every man in the squad immediately. In a moment he had his men in a little hollow square, and the crowd fell back somewhat from the unbroken line of bayo-

"Nay, sir," cried Colonel King on the bank. "The first blood is going to be spilled in Maryland, after all. Let South "Are you hurt?" asked the Lieutenant as he replaced the Commodore's hat. The veteran was evidently stunned by the cruel blow, for his answer was given with 'No, sir, no. Do your duty.

the Lieutenant? He should be here."
"I am here, sir. I'll do my duty." in these days of physical forces which thus far have been untamed. We have made He let the old man sink down with steam our beast of burden; we have put him in harness to draw our carriages. We have made the lightning our torch-bearer and our messenger. We warm our hands at fires kindled by a captive giant who has pack against the breech of one of the big runs. "I am here, sir," he repeated. He guns. "I am here, sir," he repeated, bent his head down, and he heard the work freighted with pain and reproach: lain for ages imprisoned in the stout bastions of the rocky earth. But we are not masters

'Yes, but where, where is Frank?" It struck the young officer, even at that perilous moment, that there was something of the awful pathos of a dying invocation in the words and tones. And then, as if in answer to it, there

burst upon the wet night air the report of

heavy gun, whose reverberations billowed least of the hosts of heaven, upon this little earth, we walk surrounded by great, irreup and down the astonished coast warning vibrations, sistible, mysterious forces-the water the "Dear me," cried Colonel King, "it is wind, the lightning-the common things an armed armada. Let me take your glass, we see, all known only in part, all greater General." enormously than we are, all unconquered. It is a lesson in humility. Then occurred one of those phenomena often seen from the deck of a man-of-way The fog, either precipitated by the report, of human life. Think of all the plans

or blown away by the discharge, left a clear space of air, and there in the offing, loom-ing up, black and taut, was a United States rigate with her decks cleared. Colonel King's exclamation was: "If that ain't the Roanoke, I'm a re-It was, indeed, and presently the water was black with her boats. The gun had made the Preston's champagne glass tingle, and, seizing a mantle, she almost ran across the parade ground to the group on the bank, just in time to see what her good taste would have told her

was a very pretty sight in the moonlight, if her sectional prejudice had not somewhat confused her judgment. It was the forma-tion of a battalion on the beach. the shadow of death, I will fear no evil,"
was the text he did preach from not very
long ago. They found the sermon lying
among his books. He had no expectation, As soon as the command was in marching order word was received from the commanding officer that if any of the Government

that Friday morning, of preaching that old sermon over again, and of meeting death that day in illustration of it. He had no thought that that day the "Amen" would property was touched he would blow the exedition out of the water. And ten minutes later Lieutenant Frankin Breeze walked into the little group on would that day be uttered in the presence of his Heavenly Father.

The Preston looked at him with a wither ing eve. "This time," she said, "you will report to the Secretary of War. and the next day, and so was everybody else in Johnstown. And then the flood came. "It would be difficult, if not impossible," replied the lieutenant, with great suavity, The flood came like the flood in Noah's day.

we can't find him." "Dead?" gasped the Preston. "No; absconded." She was staring at him with all the bitterness of disappointment and defeat in her face; "Miscreant and traitor," she hissed. "Madam," said the Lieutenant, "I have aken another lesson of you, and I was rash enough to use the old saw you put into my hands, instead of a sword, 'All is fair in love and war.' It is somewhat stale, as you

Her reply was lost, for just at that mo-ment Lieutenant Harold's little command was giving three cheers. "It's astonishing," said one Lieutenant to the other, as he grasped his hand after-wards, "how a woman will hate you if you

[THE END.]

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remark, but it was our business to fresh-

the mountain, crying out, "The dam is broken; take to the hills!"-a great many use her weapons for only half an hour to people did not believe it. They were use save your own father." to hearing that, or something like it, when A long time afterward, when questione there was an unusually heavy rain. They about the regularity of his exploit, he said stayed where they were-and met the conse "If there is ever a moment in peace or war, when pure bravado is excusable, it is when That human life is, of all things, among it will alone gain time." the most uncertain-to whom does that

> world may read it. You and I to-day, tomorrow, at any hour, may die.
>
> Now, thank God, that in this world where man's strength is so insignificant, and man's life so transitory, one thing is of enduring value. And that is character. We build houses, and a flood may make charnel houses out of them to-morrow. But the character we build lasts. We die, and are turned again to our dust, but, we live on,

nevertheless; the body dies, but the soul endures. The soul endures, and character which is the expression, the quality, the personality of the soul endures with it.

THE SAPE PLACE The only safe place in this world is just where safety lay in Johnstown—on the high ground, the only really valuable possession is a high, strong Christian character. Then the floods may come, or the winds blow into cyclones, or the fire rage in universal conflagration, we can lose nothing. Death himself, that rapacious robber, cannot rob us. I tell you that when the roar of that tumbling ways come and the roar of that tumbling ways come and the roar of the sale. ling wave came crashing down the valley of the Conemaugh, it was not money that people wanted, nor dress, nor position, nor any of the ambitions which the world commonly struggles after; no, but the memory of a righteous life, the approving voice of a good convolence the pressure of a chargood conscience, the possession of a char-acter worth carrying on into another world. That, you may be sure, was what men wanted when the day of judgment came on that Black Friday in the valley of the Conemaugh; that was what they wanted. And

they who had that passed on into that other valley, named "The shadow of death," fearing no evil.

Man's strength is insignificant; man's life is transitory; but character is precious and enduring. That is the word which comes to us from Johnstown. The trouble with the lives of most of us is in the matter of emphasis. You know that the meaning of a sentence depends not on the words of it only, but on the way the words are em-phasized. We all agree that God has put us into this world to make the very most of our life here. It is the will of God that we should get the very most we can out of this present world. He would have put us into the next world at the start, if He had meant us to think more about that world than this, now. "A world in the hand," as Emerson said, "is better than two in the bush." Make the most of life is good Christian

Make the most of life is good Christian doctrine. And we all agree that this, that and the other are desirable elements in a life which is made the most of. But which do we put first? Which do we emphasize? Ah! Here, I fear, we fall into disagreement. Many things are good; but one thing is needful, Christ said, essentially. He said that this one essentially needful thing is character, the winning of the approving benediction of God. All other things are good, bad or indifferent. This alone is pre-eminently emphatic. How it fiashes up in the light of the fire which burns beside the great bridge at Johnstown! Man's strength is insignificant, man's life is transitory; but character endures. Yes, and God endures. God endures and God cares. "I belleve in God," we say, "in God, the Father." We may not find the words particularly difficult of utterance. But there are men and women all through Western Pennsylvania who when they come upon those words to-day, say them, if they say them at all, with a sudden catching of the breath and a trembling of the lips.

ONE INCIDENT. I saw a mother in that ruined city, whose husthe flood, but who had escaped to the attic of her house, taking her seven children safely with her, and one by one there, as inch by inch the water rose, that mother saw drown. Down went the sturdy boys, down went the little maiden with the bright curls, one golden ringlet floating up on the surface of the black water; last of all the baby in her arms. And that mother is to believe in a God of fath-erly compassion, "an ever-present help in trouble!" A few months ago the boys and girls of the

A few months ago the boys and girls of the Johnstown Sunday Schools were learning as a "golden text;" "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee," Where was that promise when the flood came? "God?" Where is God!" somebody cried in answer to a word of comfort. And where indeed, was God that Black Friday along the valley of the Conemaugh? I will tell you where God was when the flood came. He was in the very midst of it. He was there, as He is everywhere, influite in love, infinite in power, and infinite in love and in power and in wisdom, because He is God. God made man, possessing power and wisdom and the instinct of love.

He who made man is greater than man. can make it visible to another.

Only an actual sight at it can give even an approach to an adequate idea. And all that wreck was done in 20 minutes. Down came that great wave tearing through the valley of the Conemaugh, rolling over and over like a dreadful wheel of solid water, houses, engines, smoke stacks, trees and human beings rolling with it, a cloud of thick mist enshrouding it, and a roar going before it like the roar of all the grist mills in the world groaning together. And when that great wave passed Johnstown lay in ruins.

wisdom and the instruct of love.

He who made man is greater than man. Take the ideal man, the stroogest, the wisest, the most loving, and multiply your ideal of him by infinity, and you get a dim glimpse of first one from heaven, and, having conquered death, ascended again into heaven, said so. Christ confirmed that which some had hardly ventured to believe, that He who had made man with love in his heart. He who had made man with love in his heart. He who had made man is greater than man. Take the ideal man, the stroogest, the wisest. The who made man is greater than man. Take the ideal man, the stroogest, the wisest. The who made man is greater than man. Take the ideal man, the stroogest, the wisest. The who made man is greater than man. Take the ideal man, the stroogest, the wisest. The who made man is greater than man. Take the ideal man, the stroogest, the wisest. The who made man is greater than man. Take the ideal man, the stroogest, the wisest. The who made man is greater than man. Take the ideal man, the stroogest, the wisest. The who made man is greater than man. Take the ideal man, the stroogest, the wisest. The who made man is greater than man. Take the ideal man, the stroogest, the wise the most loving, and multiply your ideal of him by infinity, and you get a dim glimpse of him by infinity, and you get a dim glimpse of him by infinity, and you get a dim glimpse of him by infinity, and you get a dim glimpse of him by infinity, and you get a dim glimpse of him by in

And when I read the story of the calamity at Johnstown, or look upon the wreck and desolathe Conemaugh in 20 minutes which 2,000 tion which hold the ground where happy homes stood only a few days ago, or hear from their own lips of the almost unspeakable griefs of the survivors, I believe still in the love of God. I believe that God heard that night the bitter cries which were liffed up to Him all down that fatal valley. I believe that God, even God, listened with pity and pain and tender mercy.

And I believe still in the power of God. I believe that if it had seemed good to Him, He could have rained meteoric stones out of the sky and strengthened the top of the South Fork dam against the abrasion of the water; He could have sent a sudden bolt of lightning and have torn the shores of the spill-way into a wider and an adequate channel; He could have stopped that great wave, as long ago the Jordan stayed its waves. That I believe.

But I believe, also, in the infinite wisdom of God. He who knows the end from the beginning. He who knows on all sides and all the way through, that of which we catch only a small and imperfect glimpse. He saw that it was somehow best that His great laws should take their unstayed course.

Remember that God did not "send" that flood. If the word "will" means desire or even purstood only a few days ago, or hear from their

Remember that God did not "send" that flood. If the word "will" means desire or even purpose, it was not the "will of God" that the South Fork dam should break, nor the fatal wave go crashing down the hill, nor that anybody on either side the Allerbenies should suffer any kind of loss. God did not send that flood to show the wonders of His divine omnipotence. God forbid! God did not send that flood to number the property of the state of the st flood to punish Johnstown. Christ preached a sermon when the tower fell at Siloam, which makes that sort of mistake impossible, or ought to make it impossible. God did not "send" the flood at all. NO MYSTERY THERE. There is no mystery about the wreck of Johnstown. If a man walks unheeding over the edge of a cliff he will get his bones proken, the edge of a cliff he will get his bones proken, and if he is leading an innocent child beside him, holding his hand, the child will go over too, and get his bones equally broken. And though the child be the only son of his mother, and she a widow, that will make no difference. But God does not push that little child over that dangerons cliff. Nobody will blame God for that. God has set certain great, universal laws in the world, and in accordance with these laws this effect is going to follow that cause, impartially and inevitably. Without this the world would be simply chaos. And God does not interfere. God has His infinitely wise and loving reasons for not interfering.

loving reasons for not interfering.

That is how it was at Johnstown. God set trees upon the mountains; men cut them down, that turned the mountain streams, when the rain fell, into fierce, ungovernable torrents.
God set a safe channel for the mountain
streams to flow into the river; men dammed it
up, and the men who dammed it up,
not expecting any such extraordinary not expecting any such extraordinary rainfall as we had that last week in May, did not make the dam strong enough, nor the waterway wide enough. So the dam broke, and, alas, for the towns beneath! But let no-body blame God for that.

God brings no willing evil into this world of ours, into this life of ours. The truth about is just this: That God has provided for us conditions of existence which are the best possible for all mankind. These conditions are so universal, so impartial and so unfailing, that we call them laws—the "laws of nature." When call them laws—the "laws of nature." When we live, as God would have us, in accord with these divine and beneficient laws, we live in happiness. But when, whether consciously or unconsciously, we disobey them, whether by walking over the edge of a cliff, or by setting a weak dam against a strong current, and building a town under it—whenever we contravene these laws of God, some kind of pain follows. That is one way in which we learn what the laws are, by this education of pain. But God does not "send" that pain. We bring the pain upon ourselves. ipon ourselves.

DARKNESS AND LIGHT. God sends no willing pain to us His children. but little by little, even out of the pain which

God sends no willing pain to us His children, but little by little, even out of the pain which we bring upon ourselves God brings blessing. God turns the darkness rate light. God trans. lates what seems a curse into a benediction. God is in truth "an ever-present help in trouble," but He has His own ways of helping, and they are always so deep and so divine that sometimes it seems as if there were no help about them. God seems to have deserted us. Only wait and see. In that last great day, that day of the revelation of God's judgment, it is not we alone who will be judged.

God will be judged. Clear will shine the hidden pages of all histories. Plain will be the reasons, evident the motives which lie shrouded now in clouds and darkness. Then at last we will know why. Then we will learn how infinite power and love unspeakable await the bidding of infinite wisdom, All the pains of all the sufferers in the world; all the great calamities which have appalled the race of man; all the hidden grief which in our own lives offer insoluble enigmas—we will read them over then from the beginning to the end, and praise God. We will know why.

GEORGE HODGES.

Belva A. Lockwood Visits the Far-Famed City and Inspects

THE GRAND OLD UNIVERSITY.

Everybody Drinks Wine and Beer in the

Public Gardens, but

THERE ARE NO DRUNKARDS TO BE SEEN

(CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.) HEIDELBERG, June 9 .- We sailed from New York May 15 on the steamer Westernland for the Universal Exposition at Paris, but the current reports of newspapers and travelers of the still unfinished condition of many of the exhibits and the postponement of the time of meeting of the Universal Peace Congress, to which we are also delegated, for three weeks, has led us to make a letour to other places of interest in the Old World, until to-day we find ourselves far down in the possessions of Emperor William, in this beautiful and far famed city, situated on the Neckar, a branch of the Rhine.

Heidelberg is a city of 20,000 inhabitants, busy, bright and clean, and founded in 1275. From its many historical reminiscences; the battle ground in the past of many a conflict; alternately in the hands of the Germans, French and Bavarians; the sent of the German Reichstag in July, 1384. under King Meurel, and replete perhaps in more historical traditions and wierd legends than any of the far famed cities of the Rhine; situated on the Neekar, about 30 miles from its confluence, it is more sought by tourists of every land than many more tentious cities.

IN HOLIDAY ATTIRE.

We chanced to visit it on the day of the Feast of the Ascension—a general holiday. The famed university and the schools were closed. The 1,000 soldiers stationed at the barracks to guard the city, with their bright uniforms, gorgeously trimmed in red and gold, with the flags flying from the public buildings, lent both color and importance to the scene. All of the churches, Protestant and Catholic, were open for morning service, for Germany is essentially the land of free religion. The religious devotions performed, everybody in holiday attire promenaded the streets. The red-cheeked, large-waisted, sturdy German women, both young and old, on street and tram car, were mostly without bonnets, while occasionally one had a bonnie hand-Rerchief tied under her chin, with here and there a lithesome country maiden wearing the picturesque peasant dress of the

The cozy beer gardens, or little cool arbors everywhere, and the shaded yards, or even street side of the hotels had inviting little tables and chairs for two, at which everybody, from the grandmother of 80 to the child of 5 years, stopped by the wayside to chat with friends, during which they sipped the large schooners of beer, or drank a bottle of wine interlarded with pretzels.

The German seems to have as much aver-sion to water as a beverage as the Prohibi-tionists of our country have to wine and beer. They use it only for their ablutions At the hotels and cafes they do not ask you if you will take wine, but simply what brand you will have, and smile if you call for water. But Hiedelberg is situated in the midst of the great wine region of Germany; the principal industry of many hundreds thousands of persons.

NO DEUNKENNESS OR RIOTING

I watched from my hotel window until the sun went down, many hundred persons still eating and drinking, but saw no intoxication, heard no rioting,-no boisterous language or loud laughing,-nothing but the most quiet enjoyment of a general heli-day. What the effect of this continuous wine and beer drinking may be, mentally study and close analysis. Only the light wines are used. I have seen none of the strong drinks, as rum, brandy or whisky, sold anywhere. Occasionally one meets, as in our own country, on man or woman, a red nose and a bloated, disfigured face, but they are not common. While I have seen no drunkenness, neither have I seen beggars. abject poverty or squalor of any sort. The town, in asylums, pauper houses and pris-ons. They are studiously kept from the

public gaze; but many of them have emigrated to America. Heidelberg University, this famous in-stitution of German learning and literature, founded in 1386 by Emperor Rupert I., with all of the vicissitudes of fortune that has beset it, has with its iron discipline had much to do in the molding of Germany's German mind. Known to the student world more than 100 years before America was dis covered, it celebrated the five hundredth year of its establishment by five days of rejoicing; closing by a grand banquet in the banqueting hall of the old Rupert Castle August, 1886. This wierd banquet room, overgrown by trees, had been deserted to many hundred years; and this fresh sound of revelry by the German student, who is no stranger to fun, or to bacchanalian songs,

who years ago inhabited it. THE GERMAN STUDENT is not, as in our institutions of learning, always a peaceful and quiet personage devoted to his books; but he is made familiar with all of the arts of war; admires most of all bravery in his companions, which he considers is the ability to fight well, and is quick to resent an insult, real or fancied. Thus he is often in trouble-often measuring sahers with a fellow student, assaulting the police if too much beer has been im-

must have startled from their long sleep the

spirits of the old barons and granddames

bibed, or failing in proper obedience to his tutors. The result is an arrest and a trial by the faculty; but, if his offense is criminal, he is never lodged in the common prison of the town; but from immemorial custom is put in the prison of the university, founded probably before the town had a jail. The anitress, who dimly comprehended our poor German, conducted us through the important rooms of the university, including the main schoolroom, recitation rooms and chapel, and finally to these prison rooms, with their barred windows, narrow iron bedsteads and straw mattresses, where many a tamous German Baron or General was years ago confined for some direliction of duty, and which serves as well to punish the students of to-day.

These rooms are a study and a lesson in themselves. From the commencement of the winding stair to the remotest corner of the darkest room, every inch of space on wall and wainscot has the cabalistic characters of the incarcerated student. Now he recites his own offense, now caricatures the professors, the police, or the crowned heads of Germany as the humor seizes him, if he has pen, crayon or pencil, and failing in this, the wooden tables and straight wooden chairs are muster pieces of schoolboy wood carving, that cannot fail to remind one of their own school days at the country school. In the absence of any of these instruments. the tallow dip that lights the room has been utilized to write or draw his profile on the wainscoting. But there are many worthy German students. BELVA A. LOCKWOOD.

Eastly Found.

New York Weekly.]

Aged New Yorker-I've often wondered what became of my playmate, Will Winkel, whose parents removed to Philadelphia wnile he was very young. Sixty years

ago he was an errand boy in a Market street store, but I haven't heard of him since, Philadelphian (astonished)-Well, why don't you go to the store and inquire? Mos